meſs-room, and there Captain Boyd came up and ſpoke to them. (The converſation was not admitted, as Major Campbell was not preſent at it.) They then went out together, and witneſs left Captain Boyd at Lieutenant Deivar's. In about twenty minutes after he was called on to viſit Captain Boyd; he went and found him ſitting on a chair vomiting; he examined his wound, and conceived it a very dangerous one; he ſurvived it but eighteen hours; he ſtaid with him till he died, during which time he got gradually worſe till his diſſolution.

On his croſs-examination, he ſtated there was ſomething irritating in Captain Boyd's manner of making the obſervation alluded to; ſo much ſo, that he conceives Major Campbell could not conſiſtent with his feelings paſs it over; but if a candid explanation had taken place, he does not conceive the melancholy event would have occurred.

John Hoey ſtated, that he is meſs-waiter of the 21ſt regiment, and was ſo then. He remembers the night this affair took place; knew Major Campbell and Captain Boyd; he ſaw Major Campbell that night in a room where he was waſhing glaſſes; Major Campbell had quitted the meſs-room about fifteen minutes; as Major Campbell was coming up ſtairs, Captain Boyd was leaving the meſs-room, and they met on the ſtair head; both went into the meſs waiter's room, and there remained ten or fifteen minutes, when they ſeparated. Priſoner, in about twenty minutes, came again to witneſs, and deſired him to go to Captain Boyd, and tell him a gentleman wiſhed to ſpeak to him if he pleaſed; he accordingly went in ſearch of Captain Boyd; he found him on the parade ground; he delivered the meſſage, and Captain Boyd accompanied him to the meſs-room; no one was there, and witneſs pointed to a ſmall room off it, as the room the gentleman was in; he then went to the meſs kitchen, and in eight or ten minutes he heard the report of a shot; thought nothing of it until he heard another; he then went to the meſs-room, and there saw Captain Boyd, and Lieutenants Hall and M'Pherſon; Captain Boyd was ſitting on a chair vomiting; Major Campbell was

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gone, but in about ten or twelve minutes he came to the room where witneſs was waſhing ſome glaſſes; Major Campbell aſked for ſome candles, he got a pair and brought them into the ſmall room; Major Campbell ſhewed the witneſs the corners of the room in which each perſon ſtood, which diſtance meaſured ſeven paces; he never ſaw Major Campbell after, until a week ago, though witneſs never quitted the regiment, and retained his employment.

John M'Pherson ſtated, that he is Lieutenant in ſaid regiment; knew Major Campbell and Captain Boyd; recollects the day of the duel; on the evening of that day, going up ſtairs about nine o'clock, he heard, as he thought, Major Campbell ſay—on the word of a dying man, is every thing fair? He got up before Captain Boyd replied; he ſaid, *Campbell, you have hurried me, you are a bad man.* Witneſs was in coloured clothes, and Major Campbell did not know him, but ſaid again, Boyd, before this ſtranger, and Lieutenant Hall, was every thing fair? Captain Boyd replied, *O no, Campbell, you know I wanted you to wait and have friends.* Major Campbell then ſaid, Good God, will you mention before theſe gentlemen, was not every thing fair; did you not ſay you were ready? Captain Boyd anſwered, *yes;* but in a moment after ſaid, *Campbell, you are a bad man.* Captain Boyd was helped into the next room, and Major Campbell followed, much agitated, and repeatedly ſaid to Captain Boyd, that he (Boyd) was the happieſt man of the two: I am (ſays Major Campbell) an unfortunate man, but I hope not a bad one. Major Campbell aſked Captain Boyd if he forgave him; he ſtretched out his hand, and ſaid, I forgive you—I feel for you, and am ſure you do for me. Major Campbell then left the room.

Duncan Dewar, Adjutant of the regiment, who was with Capt. Boyd for ſome time after he was wounded, was produced to ſhew Capt. Boyd's firm conviction he would die in conſequence of that wound, *in order to let in his declarations then made as evidence;* but Capt. Boyd not having (before him) expreſſed ſuch a conviction, that evidence failed.

Surgeon W. S. Nice was produced to the ſame point, and likewiſe failed.

William Patterson, Colonel of the 21ſt regiment, was produced to the ſame point, and alſo failed.

George Sutherland, Quarter-Maſter of ſaid regiment, was produced to the ſame point; he ſtated he ſaw him ten minutes before he died; he was in bed, agitated with pain, in his ſenſes, but rolling in the bed; he did not, however, ſay to him he thought he was dying.

Upon this a ſpecial verdict was directed to the jury to inquire whether Capt. Boyd ten minutes before his death, and under the circumſtances ſtated, muſt or muſt not have known he was dying. After ſome ſhort deliberation, they found for the affirmative of this iſſue—*(That he must have known it.)* The declarations were then admitted, but none could be proved within that ſpace, except his aſking for Major Campbell, and ſaying, "*Poor man, I am sorry for him.*"

John Greenhill was produced merely to prove that Major Campbell had time to cool after the altercation took place; in as much as he went home, drank tea with his family, and gave him a box to leave with Lieutenant Hall, before the affair took place.—Here the proſecution cloſed.

The defence ſet up was merely and excluſively as to the character of the priſoner for humanity, peaceable conduct, and proper behaviour; to this ſeveral officers of the higheſt rank were produced, who vouched for it to the fulleſt extent, namely—Col. Patterſon, of the 21ſt regiment, Gen. Campbell, Gen Graham Sterling, Capt. Macpherſon, Capt. Menzies, Col. Gray, and many others, whom it was thought unneceſſary to produce.

The learned judge charged the jury in a moſt able manner, recapitulated the evidence, and explained the law on the ſubject moſt fully and clearly. The jury retired, and in about half an hour brought in a verdict, GUILTY OF MURDER, *but recommended him to mercy, on the score of character only.* He was ſentenced to be executed on Monday, but reſpited to Wedneſday ſe'ennight.

PREFATORY REMARKS

To the following Letters, dated London, September 7, 1808.

"A GENTLEMAN of high respectability in this city, "has requested me to publish the letters of the late unfor- "tunate Henry A. Campbell, Esq.; and through his influence, "I have obtained the original letters which passed between Ma- "jor Campbell and his wife, a few days previous to his execu- "tion, with one to his friend, and a copy of the Memorial from "Mrs Campbell to the king. Two of the letters were written "by Major Campbell, after the duel; one to his confidential "friend, E. Thompson, Esq St. James', London; dated Chel- "sea, July 10, 1807, several months previous to his condemna- "tion, wherein he forcibly describes his agitated state of mind, "and the secret and corroding grief this unhappy event had in- "volved him in, which he can no longer endure, and determines "to make a voluntary surrender of himself to the offended laws "of his country, and magnanimously suffer for the benefit of his "countrymen, who, he observes, "seemed intuitively possessed "with a mania for duelling." The other letter of Major Camp- "bell is to his wife, dated only the day previous to his execu- "tion, and which he continues writing and dating from hour to "hour, until within a few moments of his exit. The senti- "ments and style of this letter, evince the writer to possess a "highly-cultivated mind, and a susceptible heart, capable of "feeling the most exquisite happiness, as well as the most pun- "gent sorrow. He depicts with lively sensibility, his frenzied "and unhappy state of mind, occasioned, not so much by the "terrors of a speedy death, as by the consciousness of produc- "ing the demise of his friend Capt. Boyd; and involving in ca- "lamity his young and beautiful wife, Eliza Campbell, for "whom he evinces the most lively affection. His reflections on "his approaching awful dissolution, are solemn and appropri- "ate; and delineated by a feeling heart, chastened by judg- "ment, and enlivened by a brilliant imagination.

"The letter of Mrs. Campbell to her condemned husband in "prison, and the memorial to the king, petitioning his life, "impress us in the most lively manner with that unfortunate "lady's sufferings, and amply convince, that she must have "possessed from nature an intuitive genius, which a liberal "education perfected. Her style is pathetick; but the poignan- "cy of her grief hurries her into many exuberances, and some "biting philippicks against the judiciary of her country.

"The memorial breathes the most touching expressions of "sorrow. No one but a person in her unhappy situation could "exhibit sentiments so exquisitely alive to the miseries of her "situation. The love she bears her husband, stimulates her to "plead with forensick eloquence to the king for his release: her "arguments are good, and impressively couched. We deeply re- "gret that this elegant, accomplished and beautiful woman, "should plead, and plead in vain; but in her particular case, "not even *kingly authority* could avert the decision of the court."

LETTER from Maj. Campbell to E. Thompson, Esq. dated CHELSEA, *July* 29, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have probably already heard by publick rumour of the unfortunate duel which took place between Capt. Boyd and myſelf; but you know not the wretched ſtate of mind this unhappy affair has brought upon me. I now live with my family, under a fictitious name, in the preſence of her I love, and my children. Under the goadings of an agonized mind, how differently do things affect us! The wife of my boſom, my ſecond ſelf, her in whom I had placed all my earthly happineſs, my ſupreme good; and my lovely children, whom even ſtrangers could not help loving; how endearing, how affectionate, have they been, and I how happy! When I had obtained leave of abſence for a few days from the army and the turmoils of the camp, how has my heart expanded with exultation and pleaſure, when ſeated around my fire-ſide, at the greetings of my wife, and the cherub ſmiles and innocent prattle of my children! how charming have been our little family meetings, and how much intereſt have I excited in my auditory, when I have deſcribed a battle fought and won for our ſovereign! When I have pourtrayed the fallen adverſary, writhing with agony, amidſt the blood flowing from his own wounds, and with uplifted eyes petitioning for mercy, the feelings of my family have been affected unto tears, at the diſtreſſes even of an enemy! And ſometimes, too, when my own eſcapes from danger has been the theme, what divine pleaſure and exultation would be depicted on their countenances! Dear Senſibility! ſource inexhauſtible of all our pleaſures, all our woes! thou hadſt taken up thy abode in my happy family; and I, fiend that I am, by this wanton duel, ſuffer all the pangs thou canſt poſſibly inflict:——My wife, my children too! O God, thou haſt ſuffered me to fill up the meaſure of my own wretchedneſs, and of theirs. The ſtrict obſervance of a fooliſh and criminal punctilio of falſe honour, has involved me in this miſerable ſituation.

Capt. Boyd was a man highly and deſervedly re-

ſpected by all his brother officers, for his probity, bravery, intelligence, and gentlemanly conduct; but by none more than by myſelf. You will doubtleſs read with ſome intereſt a detail of events which preceded and occaſioned this fatal duel: The following (as nearly as my agitated feelings will allow me to think) are the facts:

On the 23d of June, 1807, the 21ſt regiment (in which Capt. Boyd and myſelf were officers) was inſpected by General Ker, after which, all the officers dined together. At about 8 o'clock, when Gen. Ker and moſt of the officers had retired, I obſerved to Capt. Boyd, that Gen. Ker had publickly corrected and cenſured me that day, before the whole regiment, reſpecting a particular mode of giving a word of command; mentioning how I gave it, and how the general corrected me. Captain Boyd obſerved, neither was correct. A trifling altercation enſued; and Captain Boyd ſaid in rather an irritating manner, that I was decidedly wrong according to Dundas; to which I retorted, "I think "not, Sir; but even if I am, Dundas is not infallible; "I have read moſt of the beſt authors, both ancient "and modern, on Military Tacticks, and ſeveral of "them treat on this particular point. The late King "of Pruſſia likewiſe publiſhed a ſmall Military Tract, "and I recollect is very explicit on this point, and de-"cidedly againſt you. Thus, Sir, I have the ſanction "of high authority to ſupport my own opinion of the "correctneſs of my pronouncing this order; nor was "its impropriety ever queſtioned by any one, till Gene-"ral Ker and yourſelf thought fit to cavil at it; but, "Sir, give me leave to ſay, the oppoſite opinions of "two individuals can weigh little againſt the high au-"thority I have quoted."

Captain Boyd replied, "We have nothing to do, "Sir, with the King of Pruſſia, or his Tracts, or any oth-"ers you refer to. The King, our maſter, has expreſſ-"ly ordered Dundas to be our guide; and you know, "as well as any man, that you are decidedly wrong "according to him." I replied, "*I doubt that much.*" Captain Boyd then ſaid, "*You know it better than I, Sir, "take that as you please.*"

Having previouſly had my feelings irritated by General Ker, which were no doubt heightened by potent libations of wine, I conſtrued Captain Boyd's laſt expreſſion as a kind of defiance, and immediately left the room, determining inſtantly to ſend him a challenge. I went home, under this impreſſion, and when I ordered my ſervant to produce writing implements, my wife obſerving me ſomewhat agitated requeſted to know the cauſe. I anſwered, that a merchant in London, who had a large part of my funds in his poſſeſſion, had unexpectedly failed for a large amount, and that it was neceſſary immediately to write to my attorney. I wrote and ſent the challenge to Captain Boyd, requeſting an interview at the meſs-room, in thirty minutes, without ſeconds. To this place, at the time appointed, I repaired, and in a few moments Captain Boyd entered. He accoſted me with politeneſs, and ſaid, "I am ready, Sir, to attend to the buſineſs which brought me here;" and immediately after obſerved, "I think, Major Campbell, this has been too trifling an altercation, to have produced ſo ſerious conſequences; it will tarniſh both our names. The blood of a Britiſh officer ſhould flow freely in battle, whilſt attacking the enemies of his King and country, but never in fighting a brother officer. You, Sir, in the paſſion of a moment, have addreſſed to me language, which you knew there was but one way for the honour of a ſoldier to anſwer. I lament, Sir, for both our ſakes, that you have been thus haſty. I am confident, had you taken the advice of any of your noble relations, that they would not have deemed it neceſſary for you to have taken theſe coercive meaſures; but, Sir, I came here to fight, not to harangue. I am ready." To which I replied---"Captain Boyd, I never doubted your bravery; but before we commence, I muſt ſay, I think you the aggreſſor. You, Sir, at preſent may not be aware of the irritating, and I may ſay menacing manner in which you pronounced, "*You know it better than I, Sir, take that as you please.*" And although I lament as much as you, that the heart of a Britiſh officer ſhould be pierced by the ſteel of a Briton; yet in the preſent caſe, I think even yourſelf cannot but juſtify

my procedure. I never knowingly give an insult, nor will I receive one from any man with impunity. My noble relations, Sir, as you term them, would rather see me a corse, than have my name coupled with cowardice and infamy! And I must say, Captain Boyd, your own impetuous conduct has involved us both in this unhappy dilemma. As an officer, Sir, I could not permit any gentleman personally to address me in the language you did, without resenting it as a man of honour." Captain Boyd then said, "Campbell, to-morrow you will think different of this: I feel a presentiment of death; and although awful, it is not terrifying. When I am no more, Campbell, your feelings will be lacerated with the keenest remorse; but unavailing then will be your sorrow. You would give worlds to reanimate with existence the lifeless corpse you once styled friend. Though on the brink of dissolution myself, I cannot but pity that exquisite misery you will endure, when reason shall usurp the place of wild contending passions; when, alas! too late, you reflect that you have cut off in the prime of life and usefulness, with all "his imperfections on his head," that friend, who in a just cause has, and would again, spill his blood for the preservation of his murderer; severing from my wife and family, their only protector, their best friend---and giving in exchange, a widowed, bleeding heart, and the proud contumely of a wicked and pitiless world. Distracting thought! Be thou merciful then, and quickly make me cease to think! I am ready---Proceed, Sir." I gave him the choice of weapons; he preferred pistols: distance, the extremities of the room. We loaded, and exchanged weapons. By mutual agreement I turned up a guinea to determine the first fire, and chance decided in my adversary's favour. We took our stations. Captain Boyd then said---"Are you ready?" "Yes." He fired, and the ball just grazed my left cheek, and passed through the cape of my coat. I put the same question to him, and received the same answer, and immediately fired. Captain Boyd gave a violent spring, and exclaimed faintly "Campbell, I am a dying man." "Then," said I, "on the word of a dying man, is every thing

fair?" A gentleman came into the room, when Captain Boyd, replied—"Campbell you have hurried me, you are a bad man." You may poſſibly conceive, but I cannot deſcribe my feelings, thus to have my dying adverſary addreſs me. I hoped he might not have heard my queſtion aright; and again aſked him, "Boyd, before this ſtranger and Lieutenant Hall, was not every thing right?" Captain Boyd replied, "No, Campbell you well know I wiſhed you to wait, and conſult your friends." "Great God," ſaid I, "Captain Boyd, do you accuſe me before theſe gentlemen of being your murderer!!" You certainly ſaid you were ready.---Captain Boyd replied, "Yes"---and ſoon after continued, "Campbell, you are a bad man" From loſs of blood, he was now unable to ſit on his chair, and was helped into an adjoining room; where I followed, by far the moſt miſerable man, and obſerved to Captain Boyd, that he was infinitely the happieſt perſon of the two Boyd was dying: I knew it; and I am the cauſe. With his departing breath, he has forgiven, he has pitied me; but he has alſo accuſed me of a crime at which human nature recoils with abhorrence. Good God! and am I then a murderer? Tell me, my friend; write me your undiſguiſed opinion on this head. At preſent I cannot think. My mind is a chaos of contending paſſions. Shall I be branded a ſecond Cain? More eager than a lover longs for the nuptial night, do I pant for death; but my wife, my children fleet before my troubled ſenſes, conjuring up a thouſand torments; and it is the certainty of augmenting their preſent diſtreſs, which alone withholds me from ſeeking this only and wretched ſolace. Twenty times, with eager deſperation have I drawn my ſword ---twenty times has the fair form of my Eliza turned its point. Yes, moſt excellent of women, for thy ſake will I ſtrive to ſhake off theſe vagaries, theſe dreadful waking dreams, which haunt my imagination. The husband of ſo much tranſcendent lovelineſs, could never perpetrate a deed ſo black; no, I *am no* murderer. Catch the welcome ſounds, oh ye winds, and convey them to the utmoſt regions of the world; repeat them ye mountains in a thouſand echoes, and rebound them

o'er the bosom of the mighty deep; convey the glad tidings, ye gentle zephyrs, in softest murmurs, to the ears of my disconsolate wife, and whisper that Campbell is *no murderer*. Alas! can all the briny waters of the ocean cleanse me from blood, and make my polluted heart spotless and pure? Did not his expiring words condemn me; and are they not registered in the Eternal's book? Better had it been for me that all the world besides should think me a murderer, than that my dying friend should think and call me so.

"Methinks the wind doth sing it me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organpipe, pronounces
Murder." * * * * * * * * *

My agony of mind is insupportable; and those must be made of other clay than mine, who could bear life under this heavy pressure of misery.

No human power can change my irrevocable determination. I will die; but not by my own hand: I will surrender myself to justice, and before the offended laws of my country, stand an unhappy example, and suffer a violent and ignominious death for the benefit of my countrymen, who by my unhappy exit shall learn to abhor the too prevalent and fashionable crime of duelling.

To the last moment of my life, believe me
your unalterable friend,
HENRY A. CAMPBELL.

ELIPHALET THOMPSON, Esq
Bury-street, St. James', London.

P. S.—After my decease, you are at full liberty to publish the preceding sentiments; if by so doing, you apprehend, in the least, to aid the cause of virtue.

Persons in my situation, when they write or speak, are generally supposed to utter their true and undisguised sentiments; hence, they are always more impressively received.

If by my untimely exit, I can be the means of preserving one unthinking man from cherishing the eva-

nescent principles of false honour, and from precipitating himself in a fatal duel, my life will not wholly have been passed in vain.

After death, the bones of the most atrocious criminals are converted to highly important purposes for the living; whereby their persons are frequently preserved from pain, and even death itself. And I pray God, that my voluntary surrender to the offended laws of my country, together with the just and awful decision of the judges, against the crime of *Duelling*, alias *Murder!* may be the means of producing a similar happy effect in curing the *minds* of the community; and alienating them from the crime of DUELLING; particularly with my deluded countrymen, who seem peculiarly, and as it were intuitively, affected with this mania of destruction.

Thus, individual evil may sometimes be conducive to the publick good.

H. C.

LETTER from Mrs. Campbell to her husband, dated

LONDON, AUG. 20, 1808.

WHERE art thou, my husband, my friend, my all? Thrice has the earth revolved round her centre, since I have heard aught concerning thee. By whose authority art thou confined? What ruffians, by violence, detain my Henry? Did not a burning fever circulate in my veins, and my weak and diseased limbs refuse their office; on the swift wings of love would I cleave the space 'twixt thee and me, and bear thee away triumphant from thy cheerless dungeon, breaking thy galling fetters round thy ruthless gaoler! To preserve thee from a violent and untimely death, what could I not do? This idea inspires me with more than mortal powers; and *mere mortals* cannot withhold my purposes.

Great afflictions, my love, call forth great and latent energies of the mind, which else might ever remain dormant. And may I not say with truth, that no one ever had the touchstone of woe so severely ap-

plied as I have, to extract these latent energies. I am wound up to the very acme of human calamity! Who ever drank so deep, even to the very dregs, the bitter draught of misery? The deadly potation pervades the seat of life, making darkness horrible—light insupportable!

In the history of the conquest of Mexico and Peru, by the Spaniards, it is recorded, that Ataliba, a young and beautiful Princess, niece to the Royal Montezuma, was taken prisoner by the enemy. Two officers of equal rank fought for the possession of this unfortunate woman: Neither would relinquish his right to the other; and at length, to settle their animosity, they mutually agreed to burn their wretched victim before a slow fire Sentence of death is pronounced: The soldiery seize and bind the unresisting fair to the fatal stake. The faggot crackles, and the spiral flames ascend; whilst in the centre, enveloped within a circle of fire, the lovely Princess is seen, distracted with pain, tearing her beauteous ringlets, biting her own flesh, and by the violent distortions of her limbs, evincing the extremity of her torment. When lo! her eyes are seen suddenly to fix on the Deity of her nation, the Sun. A short and fervent ejaculation is addressed to this luminary: nor did she pray in vain. Penetrated with the wanton cruelty of her scoffing enemies; goaded almost to phrensy with agony, and firmly relying on the presence of her God, this courageous woman, with amozonian nerve, grasped the deadly blazing stake, hurling instant destruction on the nearest of her inexorable enemies, and with an unparalleled swiftness of foot, effected an escape from her *christian* persecutors.

Although no chains confine me to the fatal stake, and no outward flames appear, yet the internal flame of anguish that consumes me, infinitely surpasses the Princess' pains—and equally with hers are they unmerited. I have committed no crime. Merciless Men!—by what right do you thus goad me to distraction, by your unfeeling human laws? But what human law shall prevent an injured woman imploring from on high imprecations on her murderers? What

human law can prevent their being heard and granted before this high tribunal? 21*st Inst.*

Satellites of Law!—Minions!—It is your accurſed machinations only, that have ingulphed me in this vortex of deſpair! Before the tribunal of your own conſciences (if any ye have) are you condemned.—Tremble, Sycophants!—Your chicanery ſhall no longer protect you from an injured woman's power. I will move Heaven and earth to avenge my wrongs. The injured Ataliba pray'd to her God:—Death ſmote her enemies; and their ſcoffing laughter ſerv'd for their own funereal dirge. My chriſtian God will hear a chriſtian's prayer, when too, a juſt puniſhment is pray'd to be inflicted on you for the unjuſt, partial and cruel manner in which you put in force a code of human laws—depraved at beſt; but with your adminiſtration, execrable! The force of my ſorrows ſhall aſcend to the Moſt High! Already I feel that it has:—And although but a poor weak woman, yet am I ſtronger, incaſed with the impervious armour of Truth and Juſtice, than a whole hoſt of you, brandiſhing the impotent weapons of fraud, diſſimulation, and ſubterfuge.

Monſters!—By what right will you make me a widow?—my children fatherleſs? God judgeth the heart; *you* by law and evidence. My huſband is NO DETESTED MURDERER; and ye are all devils, who have ſaid he was;—yes, worſe than devils; for the Prince of Darkneſs never yet was known to do a deed ſo black, as before a Court of Juſtice, to accuſe an innocent man of murder. This apex of depravity was left to the execution of human devils!—And even Beelzebub, for once, ſhall hold down his head, abaſhed at being ſurpaſſed by your tranſcendent, unprecedented wickedneſs and cruelty!!

Ingrates!....Ye who bore falſe teſtimony, and you inſatiate Judges, who pronounced, unjuſtly, ſentence of death from mutilated and equivocal evidence!....You may truly dread that juſt vengeance, ready to burſt upon your devoted heads! The deepeſt caverns ſhall not protect you; for even there ſhall the lightnings of the Eternal purſue you....ſcorch up your blood, and

with black and ſulphureous flame, ſtamp your external with the correſpondent blackneſs of your own depraved hearts! 'Tis in vain you call on the mountains to cover you: the cavities of earth will reject inhabitants like you; nor would you even be admitted in Ætna's ſubterraneous regions, humbly to attend with coal, the forge of Vulcan!

In what age, or in what country, have the laws againſt the infirmity of duelling, ever been rigorouſly enforced? Who ever heard of an inſtance among a chriſtian civilized people, where the civil law pronounced ſentence of death upon the ſurviving duelliſt?—Will poſterity believe it, when they ſee recorded in the auſpicious and enlightened reign of George the Third—that a gentleman, circulating ennobled blood; holding a commiſſion in the army from his Sovereign; and ſtanding among the firſt of Old England's liſt of worthies, as a valiant Britiſh Officer—was arraigned and tried at the Bench, for fighting a duel, and by twelve men pronounced guilty of MURDER?—Will they believe it poſſible, that this brave man was condemned to ſuffer an ignominious death by the common hangman? O God!—if not in mercy to a woman's ſufferings, let not this black event pollute the fair page of Britiſh glory.

22d Inſt.....Night.

It is in vain that I ſeek to eaſe my burſting heart in the oblivion of repoſe; no happy viſions hover o'er my bed: Let

> "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast;
> Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!"

No tears diſtil from my inflamed eyes to give a momentary relief to my oppreſſed heart:—Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown, to me deny'd.

O Thou! at whoſe word myriads ruſh into exiſtence, and whoſe ſmile diffuſes joy through all, diſpel the gloom of sorrow, and chaſe hence the ſhadow of deſpair: let cheerfulneſs reviſit my ſad boſom, and domeſtick felicity once more reign within my dwelling.

In thy bleſt company, how happy was I once;—how wretched now, in the deprivation! Like thoſe evaneſcent glimmerings before death, which ſome-

times flatter weeping friends with illuſive hopes, were the ſerene moments that whiſpered returning peace to my ſoul, when you left me, and reſigned yourſelf to unpitying juſtice. Alas! they are fled.

How often does the laſt evening you ſpent at home, riſe upon my mind: my harp was then the ſeat of harmony; and when its cords gently reverberated the ſorrows of Eloiſa to Abelard, the afflictions of thoſe unfortunate and perſecuted lovers, occupied for the inſtant, my whole heart. What Abelard was to Eloiſa, thou art to me; and all the afflictions that once agitated the departed and beatified Eloiſa, now pervade me, diſcolouring with black tints my future proſpects.

A few of my muſical friends, wiſhing to alleviate my ſufferings, performed ſome pieces they knew to be particularly pleaſing; and thought to

> "Beguile me with ſoft Lydian airs,
> In notes with many a winding bout
> Of linked ſweetness long drawn out;
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
> Untwisting all the charms that tie
> The hidden ſoul of harmony."

Ah! my Henry—they only wanted the accompaniment of your fine toned Cremona, to have made them exquiſite; or rather, only your preſence. Now thou art confined in a comfortleſs dungeon, environed with black and peſtilential vapours; no friend to mitigate thy griefs; no harmony to lull thee to fogetfulneſs:... and while thou art thus, my ears are deaf to muſick; my eyes ſee nothing fair but thee, and my imagination can pourtray no happineſs ſo great as thy releaſe.

Why didſt thou leave the wife of thy boſom, and empoiſon her remaining days with miſery's ſharpeſt ſting? O my husband, I mean not to accuſe thee; thy own agonies cannot bear augmenting. Excuſe, deareſt Henry, my ravings. Impute them to their true cauſe, a boundleſs love for thee. Alas! I ſcarcely know what I write; or whether it be night or day.

Chance!.....No, it is not chance; for what, Father of Lights, what has chance to do in a world governed by thy Providence? No it is thy Will that I ſhould ſuffer; that one woe ſhould ſucceed another, as clouds

follow clouds, and gather into ſtorms: but let thy goodneſs diſperſe them; mercifully diſperſe them, before they overwhelm me.

See how my ſcalding tears fall upon the paper..... Alas! they are the firſt I have ſhed ſince thy unhappy condemnation: and ſoon, too ſoon, ſhall my bitter woes dry up their ſource.

23d Inst.

To gain thy liberty, and reſtore my own happineſs, I will write a Memorial to our Sovereign. Inſpire me O ye Muſes, with more than mortal eloquence!..... Teach me with reſiſtleſs energy, and perſuaſive pathos to depict the widow's ſighs, the orphans' tears!...Learn me to modulate my expreſſions in all the chromatick witchery of harmony; and like the dulcet ſpell of an Æolian harp, let them wind around my Sovereign's heart, and gently attune it with pity's ſofteſt plaint, to feel and mitigate my woes! Let me impart by words only the half of my ſufferings to the royal eye, and ſucceſs muſt crown my efforts!

Farewell, my dear husband; ſoon ſhall my fond arms encircle thee. Till then adieu. In the interim, let the light viſions of heaven-born hope, play around thy heart, and diſperſe aught that militates againſt thy happineſs.

Be comforted, my Henry; our Sovereign cannot but grant thee a pardon, when thy Eliza, inſpired by her boundleſs affection for thee, ſhall pourtray in all the glowing imagery of perſuaſive eloquence, thy valiant proweſs in the tented field. Have you not a thouſand times called me irreſiſtible? And why ſhould not the King think me ſo?——Believe me, love, I am certain of ſucceſs. What man can withſtand the invincible arguments of a beautiful woman in tears; who, warm'd with more than Demoſthenian eloquence, muſt flaſh conviction to the King, of thy merits, and their baſe requital? Once more, adieu, my deareſt Henry: Let this warm kiſs on thy lov'd name, reſuſcitate thee with renewed vigour.

ELIZA CAMPBELL.

LETTER from Maj. Campbell to his wife, dated TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1808,

the day previous to his execution.
Eight o'clock, A M.

*** *The preceding letter of Mrs. Campbell never reached her husband.*

Dearest and most unfortunate of wives,

MY trial is at length over. Twelve impartial men, and my own countrymen, have on their oaths declared me guilty of murder. This world has now no charms for me. When the honour of a ſoldier is tarniſhed, the mantle of death cannot envelop him too quickly; but the ſeparation from you and my children, embitter the laſt moments of exiſtence. Death, but for this, would be a pleaſing emancipation from woe: Now, alas! his dread ſummons will be obeyed with unſpeakable, unavailing regret; but ſince my hitherto fair name is now coupled with infamy and crime, neither yourſelf nor my children ought to wiſh me to live. How many times ſince my condemnation have I blamed the tardy moments for paſſing ſo ſlowly between me and eternity! but now, when a few ſhort hours only intervene; when the laſt unhappy ſcene of my exiſtence draws ſpeedily to a conclusion, I experience new, painful, and undeſcribable ſenſations, and can compare them only to the feelings of thoſe comfortleſs wretches who were formerly ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of evil ſpirits. Sometimes I am ſeized with ſtrange fits and alarms; an internal ſecret agony tears my boſom and throws me into a ſtate of deſperation! Wretch that I am! I then ſtart up and pace my dark and loathſome dungeon, and by the violence of my action, and clanking of my fetters, attempt to drive far from me the demon of deſpair. Sleep, the only ſolace of the afflicted, flees from the wretched priſoner's couch; or if, perchance, for a few moments he ſtrews his poppies o'er my weary eyelids; then doth my ever active imagination convey me to thy lov'd preſence, where in the boſom of my family all is tranquillity and peace. Unkind deluſion! Soon thou vaniſheſt, leaving only re-

membrances of thoſe delicious moments! Thus, to the ſleeping captive, dreams recal all the bleſſings of which he is deprived; heightening by the contraſt, his preſent ſufferings. Yet a little longer, and the ſleep of death ſhall come upon me: the crimſon fluid ſhall forget to flow, and all perception be loſt in the cold and ſilent grave.

9 o'clock, A. M.

In tears, in affliction, I muſt leave the partner of my bed. My widowed wife and protectleſs children, muſt be thrown on the wide and pitileſs world, without a friend to avert from them the innumerable ills incident to human nature. One raſh deed of mine hath ſhrouded you all in habiliments of grief; involved you in calamity, and perhaps even pecuniary diſtreſs. That heart, ſo generous and humane, which ſo oft hath felt for, and relieved the diſtreſſes of others; may now alas, be neceſſitated to receive the niggard bounty of others, when in more happy days it knew only the art of beſtowing with kindneſs; enhancing every little act of charity, by that heavenly beneficence and ſympathy with which thou waſt wont to ſmile on the humble petitioner. Now how changed the ſcene! No happy huſband is fondly expected to cheer with his welcome preſence a ſmiling family! And do you not all load me with imprecations for deſpoiling you of felicity?

10 o'clock, A. M.

When I was your lover, you recollect the ſtriking portrait Clementi executed of you; which you know has ever ſince been in my poſſeſſion. On an oak table, with my bible on one ſide, and a dim lamp on the other, it is now placed. The eye, once ſo animated, is ſwoln with weeping; that cheek on which a cherub ſmile was wont to ſit, is now pale and motionleſs; and your waving ringlets have loſt their auburn hue and grace: Such does your lovely portrait appear to my diſtempered imagination. Alas! am I not fancifully hypochondriacal? Why am I not permitted to place my woes to the account of inhoſpitable climates, to diſappointed ambition, to the malevolent perſecutions of an inexorable enemy? for then this intolerable load

of diſcontent would not reſt entirely upon myſelf. But woe is me! I feel it but too acutely I alone am the cauſe of my own wretchedneſs; this ſame boſom, which formerly contained a ſource of eaſe, of gaiety, and delight, is now become the melancholy repoſitory of a thouſand agonies! I am no more the man I once was Formerly none but exhilarating emotions moved within the ſphere of my mind. In every ſtep I took, the country around me preſented a paradiſe to my eyes, my heart became expanded, and beat high with benevolence to all the world. But now it ſeems inanimate....dead to every ſentiment, except that of pungent remorſe; my eyes are become dry, they no longer receive refreſhment from the balmy moiſture of the tears of ſweet ſenſibility; and my nerves convey not their uſual ſenſations to my brain. I ſuffer more than I can poſſibly expreſs, for I have loſt the only charm of life: that active energetick power, which created worlds around me....is no more.

Half paſt 11 o'clock, A. M.

How often have I thrown myſelf upon my dungeon and implored Heaven for the cool refreſhment of a ſhower of tears, as the farmer prays for rain, to moiſten the earth, too long dried up by the ſcorching ſun! but the Almighty does not grant either rain or ſunſhine to importunate ſupplications. Thoſe delightful times....the recollection of which now harrows up my ſoul....why, ah! why were they ſo fortunate? It was becauſe I then waited patiently for the bleſſings of the Eternal, and received them with a heart teeming with gratitude and love for all his beneficent diſpenſations.

12 o'clock, M.

You, Eliza, can feel, can underſtand, the poignancy of my ſenſations; for your heart is the ſeat of every feminine virtue. Senſibility, my dear friend, adds the higheſt zeſt to our joys, and imparts to our ſorrows the moſt exquiſite pang. Perſons endowed with this attribute, who have performed beneficent actions, from immediate feeling or impulſe, enjoy much pleaſure. Their conduct, too, by the influence of ſympathetick affec-

tion, imparts a pleaſure to the beholder. The joy felt both by the agent and the beholder is ardent and approaches to rapture There is alſo an energy in the principle, which produces great and uncommon exertions; yet both the principle of action, and the pleaſure it produces, are ſhifting.

"Beauteous as the morning cloud or early dew;"

like them too, they paſs away. The pleaſure ariſing from knowledge of duty, is leſs impetuous: it has no approaches to rapture; it ſeldom makes the heart throb, or the tear deſcend; and as it produces no tranſporting enjoyment, it ſeldom leads to uncommon exertion; but the joy it affords is uniform, ſteady, and laſting. As the conduct is moſt perfect, ſo our happineſs is moſt complete, when both principles are united: when our convictions of duty are animated with ſenſibility, and ſenſibility guided by convictions of duty.

Thoſe who are guided by inconſiderate feeling, will often appear variable in their conduct, and of courſe irreſolute. There is no variety of feeling to which perſons of great ſenſibility are more liable, than that of great elevation or depreſſion of ſpirits. The ſudden unaccountable tranſitions from the one to the other, are not leſs ſtriking, than the vaſt difference of which we are conſcious in the one mood or the other. In an elevated ſtate of ſpirits we form projects, entertain hopes, conceive ourſelves capable of great exertions, and in this hour of tranſport, undervalue obſtacles and oppoſition. In a moment of depreſſion, the ſcene is altered; nature ceaſes to ſmile; or, if ſhe ſmiles, it is not for us: we feel ourſelves feeble, forſaken, and hopeleſs; and the ſpirit formerly ſo full of ardour, ſo enterpriſing and ſupercilious, becomes humble and paſſive.

Permit me to quote a ſtriking inſtance, founded on fact, by way of illuſtrating the preceding poſitions:

"Lorenzo de Medicis had a lively fancy; he was a courtier, ambitious, and had his mind filled with ideas of pageantry. He wiſhed to enjoy pre-eminence: but his brother Alexander, the reigning prince, was an obſtacle to be removed; and this could only be done by

ſpoiling him of life. The difficulty was great; yet it figured leſs to his heated imagination than the dignity and enjoyment he had in view. Elegant in his manners, accompliſhed in every pleaſing endowment of ſoft and inſinuating addreſs, he had, nevertheleſs, no ſecret counſellor in his breaſt to plead in behalf of juſtice. Thus prompted, and thus unguarded, he perpetrates the death of his brother. He ſees his blood ſtreaming; hears him groan in the agonies of death; beholds him convulſed in the pangs of departing life. A new ſet of feelings ariſe: the delicate, accompliſhed courtier, who could meditate atrocious injury, cannot, without being aſhamed, and diſmayed, witneſs the bloody object: he remains motionleſs, irreſolute, appalled at the deed; and in this ſtate of amazement, neither proſecutes his deſign, nor thinks of eſcaping. Thus without ſtruggle or oppoſition, he voluntarily ſurrenders himſelf to juſtice, and is puniſhed as he deſerves."

The feelings of remorſe which once agitated the unhappy Lorenzo de Medicis, now agitate me. In times paſt, like him, my pulſe beat high with expectation: military achievements, poſts of honour and emolument, and the deceitful glitter of a court, paſſed in ſucceſſion before my ſenſes; magnified, like the little images beſore the focus of a magick lantern: Like Lorenzo, too, I was in the high road to preferment: reſpected by my inferiours, loved by my equals, and patroniſed by my ſovereign. In the midſt of this my career to honour and happineſs, when I drew pleaſure from every thing around me, did my evil genius tempt me to pen this fatal challenge: And ſhall I confeſs to you my infatuation? I was weak enough to ſuppoſe that this duel would add a luſtre to my former exploits; and that to kill my man was the only requiſite to give the finiſhing poliſh to my fame: But no ſooner was it accompliſhed, than, like the wretched Lorenzo, a new ſet of images crowded on my mind. And after ſtriving in vain for months, to recover my former energies; like him I voluntarily ſurrendered myſelf to juſtice; being firmly convinced that a ſpeedy death was the only mean whereby to eſcape that bitterneſs of woe which pervades my inmoſt heart. Mayest thou, my dear wife, ever

eſcape the pangs of remorſe; and mayeſt thou never experience, "how ſharper than a ſerpent's ſting it is," to be involved in miſeries of one's own producing; whereby we pervert the feelings of ſenſibility (which were beſtowed on us as a great bleſſing) into the greateſt curſe.

Wednesday, 2 o'clock, A. M.

Every eye is ſhut in ſweet repoſe, ſave only mine. The tick of the death watch, the chirrup of the cricket, with the watch-word of the ſentinels, as they reverberate in the avenues of my priſon, are the only ſounds which break upon the ſilence of the night. A dark and dreary gloom reigns around, correſpondent to my mind. And in theſe laſt ſad moments of my life, doth my Eliza repoſe upon a bed of roſes? Full well I know thou doſt not; and at this inſtant I ſee thee, with oppreſſed heart and tearful eyes, petitioning the Father of Mercies to receive into his holy keeping, that immortal ſpirit, about to depart from thy unhappy huſband. The ſacred ardour flowing from thy virtuous and lovely lips, cannot but aſcend, and receive favour in the preſence of the Moſt High, like the pious oriſons of martyred Abel. This reflection calms the fever of my blood, makes me reſpire with more eaſe; and arouſes me, ere yet it be too late, to ſeek for conſolation in the promiſes held out in the Chriſtian religion.

4 o'clock, A M.

I have ſpent two hours in reading our holy bible; and my mind is ſomewhat leſs agitated. Our Redeemer gave himſelf a ranſom for all mankind, that through his ſufferings *all* might inherit eternal life The malefactor who ſuffered with him, was he not immediately tranſlated into Heaven? God created man from his own free will, after his own image, to live a life of rational happineſs. Ergo, the more of rational happineſs man enjoys, the better he muſt anſwer the end for which he was created. In the ſcale of animated nature, God has made man preeminent; endowing him with a reflecting mind, and giving him ſupreme command over all terreſtrial things. Will this all-wiſe

and merciful Being then, after breathing into exiſtence man, the moſt noble and beautiful of his works, deem it conſiſtent with his Divine Mercy to cauſe man's immortal ſpirit to ſuffer in everlaſting miſery, for purſuing the dictates of thoſe feelings which Himſelf implanted in the heart? when too, all nature teems with beaſts, birds, fiſhes and inſects, who all apparently enjoy exiſtence, and gratify all their propenſities to the full, without the fear of an eternity of torment hereafter? It is an invariable law in all animated nature, for the large and ſtrong animals, to prey on the ſmall and weak. The lion is an hungered, and the blood of his ſlaughtered enemy appeaſes his appetite: the lion does but gratify the impulſe of nature. After death he is not puniſhed for his murderous devaſtations; while man, by following the ſame propenſities of his nature, is doomed to endleſs torments in hell fire, according to the opinion of many very learned commentators on the bible.

Every ſect of Chriſtians acknowledge one of the attributes of God to be Infinite Mercy.

Let us for a moment imagine a human being poſſeſſing all the powers of Omnipotence. We will ſuppoſe this being to create a world, ſimilar to this we live in: From this new earth he ſhall form a race of human beings ſimilar in all reſpects to ourſelves; and ſhall give out a code of laws, whereby he expreſsly approves certain actions, and promiſes a reward of everlaſting happineſs for their due performance; and diſapproves others, denouncing everlaſting pain to thoſe who commit them. Is there a human being, who for an inſtant can harbour the thought of inflicting on his own created beings, his children, the pains of hell, for ever and ever, for infringing a few points in this code of laws? No Chriſtian will anſwer in the affirmative. Then, if frail man, from nature prone to evil as the ſparks fly upwards, could not put this threat in execution, by what ſophiſtry can we poſſibly ſuppoſe, that an infinite and all-merciful God will execute this denunciation? Do not the bowels of a father yearn with compaſſion for his degenerate children? And is not all the world one great family of children, and

God Almighty their father? In this world, when a man violates the civil law, and is arraigned before the bench for trial, do not the judges always endeavour to proportion the puniſhment of the culprit to the crime he has committed? The perſon who pilfers from me a tooth pick, is not ſo ſeverely puniſhed as he, who in the hour of night, fires my dwelling. And ſhall that all-wiſe Being, from whom juſtice flows, pronounce on theſe two men the ſame ſentence after death? Will the puniſhment be proportioned to the crime, to have the man who robbed me of the tooth-pick, endure the ſame portion of miſery, as he who fired my dwelling?

Let us ſuppoſe a man through his whole life, perpetrating the moſt atrocious crimes, cloſing his ſanguinary career by ſuicide. This man, no doubt, merits puniſhment; but our Heavenly Father will never meaſure out an *eternity* of torment for the ſins he committed in this fragile momentary life. Eternity! without beginning, without end! finite man cannot conceive, cannot comprehend thee!! But man *can* conceive that the committing any crime in this world, however heinous, can never merit or receive the torments of hell to all eternity.

5 o'clock, A. M.

When men came to live in ſociety, they could not but perceive, that many evil doers eſcaped the ſeverity of the laws: they could affect only open crimes; ſo that a curb was wanting againſt clandeſtine guilt; and religion alone could be ſuch a curb. The Perſians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, introduced a belief of puniſhments after this life; and of all the ancient nations I am acquainted with, the Jews alone admitted temporal puniſhments. At length the Phariſees and Eſſenes among the Jews admitted the belief of a hell in their way. This dogma the Greeks had already diffeminated among the Romans, and the Chriſtians made it a capital article of faith. Several fathers of the church did not hold the eternity of hell torments:....they thought it very hard that a poor man ſhould be burning forever and

ever, only for ſtealing a goat! An honeſt well meaning Huguenot miniſter once advanced in his ſermons, and even in print, that there would be a day of grace to the damned; that there muſt be a proportion between the treſpaſs and the penalty; and that a momentary fault could not deſerve an everlaſting puniſhment.

I have the authority of many of the wiſeſt men, and beſt chriſtians, both in ancient and modern times, to ſtrengthen my belief, that man will eventually be happy. And, my dear wife, it affords me inexpreſſible comfort to reflect, that after death, God and not man, will be my Judge. That All-Merciful Being, who ſees my inmoſt heart, will never doom me to endleſs ſufferings, for my late unhappy deviation from ſtrict right.

8 o'clock A. M.

The hour draws near for my diſſolution. Already I hear the buſy hum of people collected to witneſs the laſt and eventful ſcene of my death :.....then ſhall my ſoul be ſeparated from the body, and flee to unknown regions.....Death !.....Grave !.....Immortality !..... How much talked of; how little underſtood! We view death as the common lot of all, except ourſelves. A man in health, though certain that this event muſt inevitably overtake him, unto the laſt minute, views it only at a diſtance, and feels not its imperceptible approach in each paſſing moment. And even I, though humanly certain of being about to experience death.....yet I cannot bring myſelf to realize it.

Half past 9 o'clock. A. M.

What is the portion of time allotted the longeſt life of man, compared with that which has gone before, and that which will follow? We are not conſcious of that which has elapſed previous to our exiſtence. Shall we have perceptions after death, of what is to come?

All nations and people, in every age of the world, from the moſt enlightened, down to the moſt ignorant; from the Eaſtern Derviſe to the American Savage, all believed in future exiſtence in different ways.

The Egyptians built their maſſy pyramids ſolely for the receptacles of their bodies after death, which they firmly believed would lie entombed a thouſand years, when their ſouls would again be reunited to their bodies. The philoſophers of the Eaſt, believed in tranſmigration; and that after death, the ſouls of men animated the bodies of beaſts or birds, an allotted term of time. Various tribes of Savages have their bows and arrows interred with their dead bodies; expecting to uſe them in their new ſtate of exiſtence. African Slaves have been known to jump overboard from veſſels at ſea, and drown themſelves, under a firm conviction of reviſiting their departed friends in a new and pleaſant country.

Thus, we all feel within us, (though with different impreſſions) that immortal ſpark of æthereal fire, emanating from God, and which can never become extinct. The globe we inhabit ſhall be deſtroyed; convulſions will rend in twain the ſurrounding univerſe: millions of worlds yet unborn, may be created, and perform their evolutions a limited time; then paſs away in fervent heat, leaving not a wreck behind!—whilſt Man, that little animalcule in the univerſe, ſhall burſt the gates of death, and appear in priſtine ſplendour, an immortal Spirit, before the throne of the Moſt High!! This idea animates me with divine enthuſiaſm, and expands my heart with warmeſt gratitude to my God.

What is this Death, that we do thus ſhrink from with abhorrence—paralyzing our ſenſes in apathy?—Is it, that by death we dread annihilation?—or, rather is it not a chilling fear of living forever in torments? Far from me be baniſh'd ſuch cruel and vindictive purpoſes of the Deity. Our Redeemer, when on earth, taught his diſciples and others to love chriſtianity by perſuaſive kindneſs, and clothed his Heavenly Father in attributes of univerſal love;—whereas many of our bible expounders, teach us to dread his Infinite Power, and pourtray him as ſitting at the Reſurrection Day, in the Heaven of Heavens, arrayed in awful Majeſty, pronouncing the irrevocable anathema of—"Depart ye Curſed," &c. againſt the larger por-

tion of mankind.——Oh God! I thank Thee that I am not like one of them; and that at this awful moment, thou cauſeſt my heart to beat high with ardour, in the expectation of being received into thy bleſt preſence, in another and a better world.

Half past 10 o'clock, A M.

My chaplain has juſt left me: the milk of human kindneſs circulates in his heart; and he hath imparted much conſolation. A few moments only ſhall I inhale the vital air:—the golden chalice ſhall be broken, and my Immortal Spirit reaſcend to the boſom of that God from whom it emanated! Farewell, beſt and deareſt of wives:——Farewell,—forever!——Forever?——No.....In a future ſtate we ſhall know each other again. Let this thought inſpire thee with fortitude, and even tranquillity.——Yes, my dear wife.....we ſhall know each other hereafter.——The few remaining moments of my wretched life, muſt be devoted to God, in fervent prayer:

HEAVENLY Father!.....On the brink of eternity.....vouchſafe to hear and grant this my laſt petition.

From Thee proceed all things:.....Thou ſpakeſt, and the univerſe appeared.....Thy Creative Power hath filled the immenſity of ſpace with countleſs worlds; and thy Infinite Wiſdom cauſeth them to revolve in due harmony and order; Thyſelf the centre and the gravitating point. On theſe Thy glorious works, Thou haſt breathed the breath of life, and myriads of beings exiſt for Thy glory, and their own happineſs..... From pole to pole; from the riſing to the ſetting ſun, Thy radiant ſplendour is ſeen; Thy unſpeakable goodneſs acknowledged.——Thyſelf the centre from which Juſtice and Mercy do flow:.....All ranks, all ages, all nations, and all worlds, worſhipping Thee in various ways and forms, from the beginning to the end, ſhall all be judged by Thee; and Thou wilt apportion their rewards or puniſhments with unerring Juſtice.

Omniſcient, and Omnipreſent throughout the boundleſs expanſe; Thou knoweſt better than I can expreſs, how much I am pervaded with a conviction of Thy immortal beneficence and rectitude.....Thou canſt

break the galling chains of the malefactor ; and ſtrew his path of death with roſes.

Vouchſafe.....Father of Mercies, through the blood and ſufferings of Thy only begotten Son, Jeſus Chriſt, to receive my Immortal Soul into the realms of light and bliſs ; after Thou ſhalt have purified it from all pollution.

And while I pray for myſelf, let me not be unmindful Heavenly Father, of her whoſe endearing virtues have miniſtered to my earthly comforts ....Thou haſt ſeen fit to exalt her far above other women in lovelineſs and virtue ; and if it be conſiſtent with Thy Divine Will, let her portion of happineſs be proportionably greater.—And now that Thou art about to take from her an earthly ſupport ; be Thou then, O my God, her comfort and her all.——Thou haſt promiſed to be the father of the widowed and fatherleſs :....Look down then on her unprotected ſituation : Raiſe her up kind and provident friends, in the place of thoſe ſhe may loſe :....May her feelings be ſhielded from the contumely of the ignorant and callous :.... May her modeſt and retiring virtues, which ſhrink from the publick gaze, be duly appreciated by the diſcerning few :....And moſt fervently, O my God, I intreat Thee to mitigate the poignant force of the deprivation ſhe is about to ſuffer by my untimely death : Let the truths Thou haſt revealed in the Chriſtian Religion, be a healing balm to her ſorrows.—Shield the ſenſibilities of my children from receiving too rude a ſhock by this my humiliating and diſgraceful exit.

Bleſs, O God, with immortal joys the departed Spirit of my martyred adverſary.——Though a ſanguinary death cut him off in the midſt of earthly comforts ; mayeſt Thou now ſhower upon him the choiceſt of Thy celeſtial and never ending joys :..... Let him be replete with a juſt ſenſe of Thy manifold perfections and goodneſs :—And bleſs with a Heavenly Father's kindneſs, his forlorn widow, and portionleſs infant children ; and ſmile upon all who were by ties of conſanguinity, more particularly impreſſed with a ſenſe of his many excellencies.——Let the light of

Revealed Religion illumine the whole earth. And when the last trump shall sound; when the graves shall give up their dead, and all nations of all worlds shall stand before Thy throne; may ALL have addressed to them in accents of Divine harmony and love ..." Come ye blessed into everlasting glory, prepared for " you from the foundations of the earth."

MEMORIAL

WRITTEN AND PERSONALLY DELIVERED TO HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, BY THE UNHAPPY WIDOW OF THE LATE MAJOR CAMPBELL.

To His Most Sacred Majesty, GEORGE THE THIRD, *Defender of the Faith, and Supreme Ruler over the united kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland....his most disconsolate subject, the wife of* HENRY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, *late a Major in Your Majesty's service, sends this humble* PETITION.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN!

MAY the blessings of thy God ever wait on thee; may the Sun of glory shine around thy head, and may the gates of plenty, honour and happiness be always open unto thee and thine: may the ravages of war be averted from thy happy realms, and may Peace spread her mantle of prosperity o'er thy glad isles: may no sorrow distress thy days, may no grief canker thy nights: may all the calamities incident to human nature, shrink back appalled at the circle of thy virtues: may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; may thy days be many and happy, and when the curtain of death gently

closes around the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of thy God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life, shall not receive one rude blast, to hasten its extinction.

And whilst thy own cup, O great King, o'erflows with happiness, think, oh! think, ere yet it be too late, and remove the bitter draughts of others. Let not the orphan's tears and widow's sighs o'erspread your hemisphere with clouds of gloom. Thou knowest, most august King, the adamantine chains which the ties of wedded love bind around the husband and the wife: let the endearing and feminine attractions of thy own lovely spouse, bring conviction of their power, and inspire thee with the godlike attribute of dispelling the woes of others. Speak but the word, and the chains of my husband shall burst asunder; my bosom shall be his pillow, and my throbbing heart lull him to repose.....his galling fetters shall give place to the silken chains of love :....all will then be felicity, the happy effect of thy kingly authority.

As thou art far exalted, O King, in power above other men; so let thy wisdom be equally preeminent; and let not the local pedantick views of thy subjects influence *thy* decisions. The Judges of thy laws have condemned my husband; but they have taken cognizance only of *one* individual action; whilst Your Majesty, like our Heavenly Judge, will scan ALL the ac-

tions of your condemned servant...." nothing extenuating, or setting down aught in malice." This one rash unhappy act is all the speck which the strictest scrutiny can discover to tarnish a whole life of virtue. Black specks have also been discovered in the sun ; but doth that little speck induce the Eternal to hurl the sun from his centre, and make our system a black chaos ? Just what the sun is to our earth is my husband to me ; and let not this one, and only little dark point in him, eclipse all his former long tried virtues :—Let the bright sun of his eyes chase far away my direful melancholy ; restore again to my longing arms my all, my every thing that's dear.

Reflect, most august King, on the causes which produced this melancholy catastrophe.....My unhappy husband, on the eventful twenty-third of June, was publickly reprimanded in the presence of the whole regiment by his commanding officer, for pronouncing a military order, which was sanctioned as correct, by the highest authority. How could this publick rebuke fail of irritating his feelings ?.....And in this state of irritation did his departed friend, Capt. Boyd, sting his heart anew with language which no gentleman could submit to hear with impunity.

Your Majesty, doubtless, possesses the documents of the trial, in which you cannot but particularly notice, that Capt. Boyd conveyed, in unequivocal terms, the

Lie to my husband. No person in any sphere of life, who had the least pretensions to the gentleman, could let this vile epithet, " like the idle winds," pass unheeded by. In all ages, and among all civilized people, this term has ever been considered as one of the highest and most disgraceful reproaches ; and which no *man* ever *did* or ever *will* patiently submit to. If then, universal custom has ever sanctioned a private gentleman to redress as a man of honour this indignity, how much more will custom sanction this mode of redress in a soldier and an officer, who has had this biting epithet bestowed upon him. What all your subjects then deem just, your Majesty *cannot deem unjust.*—And for thy honour, as well as for justice, let not a brave British Officer suffer a vile and ignominious death for being necessitated to spill human blood to wash away the imputation on his till then untarnished name.....Let the Royal mandate of pardon be issued ; and it will be recorded in the page of history, first among the long list of thy meritorious and merciful actions.

The publick voice hath proclaimed my husband to stand high in the annals of fame, for acts of cool intrepid courage, whilst fighting the battles of his King and country :.....and that he might not lose the laurels gained by toil and blood....that he might not be stigmatized by the army and the world as a poltroon and coward....he was

compelled to retrieve his blighted name, to uplift the weapon of death over his unjust, unthinking adversary. He had the choice of only two alternatives : either tamely to brook the epithet of coward, and be the butt to receive the satirical and envenomed arrows of the whole army :....or, by a challenge, manfully to repel these ignominious taunts. My husband adopted the latter :....no *man* could do less ; and I hope a due sense of honour will ever prompt ALL *British* officers, properly to resent a direct impeachment of their courage.....Nor have I any hesitancy in declaring, that I think your Majesty would disgracefully cashier any officer of the army *who should not resent* the insult Maj. CAMPBELL received, in the same manner he has done. Your Majesty certainly would not suffer a *vile coward* to remain in the camp, and wear the externals of valour, lest his pusillanimity should infect the whole corps :....And I hope, for the honour of your Majesty's far fam'd name, that Coward and British Officer may never be coupled.

How delicate is the texture of a Soldier's honour !....and to retain it unsullied, custom compels him to resent the slightest aspersion on it. It cannot be possible that your Majesty, so justly and universally esteemed for benevolence, can ever give the Royal Signet to the decisions of your rigorous Judges....Your Royal hand can never pollute itself by signing the Death War-

rant of one who has bled in the defence of your sacred person.

CONSIDER, dread Sire, how much more magnanimous and godlike it will be for thee to err on the side of heaven-born Humanity, than on that of rigorous punishment for a questionable crime. One of our wisest Lawgivers has said....." *better* " *that ninety-nine guilty men escape punish-* " *ment, than that one innocent man should* " *suffer.*" Let not the justice and humanity of these sentiments be lightly effaced from your Majesty's heart.—And think, oh ! think, Mighty Sovereign, ere yet it be too late, how much future remorse thou mayest escape, by preventing the untimely death of an innocent man. If the decision of the Court be executed, not all your Majesty's worldly honours, your glittering trappings of Royalty, your widely extended conquests, nor your invincible thundering navy, can banish from your sleepless couch the fearful certainty of depriving an innocent man of an IMMORTAL GIFT !

YOUR Majesty cannot but be duly sensible, and must duly appreciate his manifold services in the field of combat.—For his King and country was he ever ready to spill his blood ; and let not, O merciful King, his valiant services be recalled in vain. By every thing dear to you in this world, by your hopes of salvation hereafter.....grant, oh ! in pity, grant to a weak and unhappy woman, this her

first, her last, and only request : let tears no more be seen to issue from my swol'n eyes ; no longer let my cheek be moistened from this briny source. Say but the word, and joy shall sparkle from those eyes, and after my HENRY, they can see on this vast globe, nothing so fair as thee.—And when my infant children hang around me, crying that wicked men have lock'd papa up ; 'tis thou, O King, canst gladden their little hearts, and restore to them a FATHER ! Godlike action ! for which thy country must thank thee, and the wife and children of my CAMPBELL will ever revere thee.

The following remarks respecting the execution of Maj. CAMPBELL, *are taken from the same paper containing the particulars of his Trial.*

LONDON, SEPT. 5, 1808.

MAJOR CAMPBELL.

THIS unfortunate Officer suffered at 12 o'clock at noon, on Wednesday, August 31st, amidst a vast multitude of spectators. He met his death with pious and becoming fortitude, having spent his last moments with Dr. Bowie, the father of his amiable and distressed widow. His body, after having been suspended the usual time, was put into a hearse in waiting, which left the town immediately, escorted by Dr. Bowie, for Ayr, in Scotland, to be interred in the family vault. To describe the distresses of the fond wife of the deceased would be impossible. Mrs. Campbell, who, it is already known, has used every effort to preserve the life of her partner, left London by the Glasgow mail on Saturday night, frantick betwixt hope and despair, but still cheered with the probability of her solicitude obtaining, at least, another respite. On Monday morning, the friend of her husband, at whose house, in Bury-Street, St. James', she resided, whilst in London, received a letter from the lady's father, with the intelligence that " Major Campbell was no more." Mrs. C. reached Ayr on Tuesday morning, the

very time the corpse of her husband arrived, and we must here leave the tragick scene. Major Campbell in his conversation with his intimate friends, previously to surrendering himself, had always said, that if he were convicted of murder, he should suffer as an example to duellists in Ireland ; and it was always his opinion, that a jury would so convict him. It has been erroneously stated, that the jury recommended the deceased to mercy from his universal good character ; but the jury recommended him in consequence of the duel having been a fair one, although by direction of the Judge, they were bound, on their oaths, to convict the prisoner of murder. Major Campbell, previous to his death, observed, that life was not an object so dear to him, as the reflection was distressing that his children and family should bear the stigma that he was executed for MURDER! His fate has been rendered peculiarly interesting, by the unremitting exertions of Mrs. Campbell to procure a mitigation of his punishment, in the prosecution of which, she appears to have endured fatigues of body and mind, which might be supposed too great for female strength. On her arrival at Windsor, with a MEMORIAL to his MAJESTY, supplicating mercy, it was eight o'clock, and his MAJESTY had retired to his apartment. Her MAJESTY, notwithstanding, presented the MEMORIAL that night, and Mrs. C. received the kindest attention from the whole of the Royal Family ; but it appears to have been a case to which the ROYAL MERCY could not be extended, and the law has been accordingly permitted to take its course.

Major Campbell made his escape from Ireland after the duel, and lived with his family under a fictitious name for several months at Chelsea :—The duel took place in June 1807 ; but his mind became so uneasy, that he at last determined to surrender himself to take his trial, be the result what it might.—He was first cousin to the Earl of Breadalband, a man esteemed and beloved of all his friends. It is superfluous to add, that Mrs. Campbell is a most amiable woman.—She has four infant children.

The unfortunate catastrophe which produced such an awful result to Major Campbell, it is to be hoped will not fail to leave a lesson to mankind of salutary influence. Both of the parties were gentlemen, eminent in their profession, of high character and honour, who had long lived on terms of mutual friendship and esteem. The unfortunate irritation of a moment at once deprived society of one of the best of men, and left a widow and infant family to mourn their irreparable loss. Retribution of the most awful kind has fallen to the lot of the other, and his amiable wife and infant family are also involved in all the distress which the human mind can conceive.

From the period of the unhappy event, to the closing of the tragick scene, Major Campbell evinced the most heartfelt grief for what had happened to his friend.

FINIS.